

# *The* Commonweal

January 7, 1949

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## Democratizing Japan

*Richard L-G. Deverall*

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THE COMMONWEAL SOCIETY, INC., 1410 EAST 12TH AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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*Harry Sylvester*

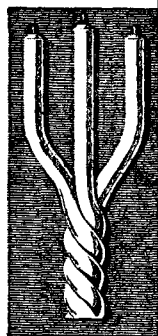
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# The COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and The Guide to Catholic Literature Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Murray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada \$7 a year. Foreign \$8. Single copies 15c

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John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith  
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## "Confirm the Weak Knees"

ON THE EVE of Christmas, the night when the angels had sung of "peace on earth to men of good will," Pope Pius XII recalled that in 1948 the conditions of peace remain the same; he said, in his Christmas message: "What really matters is the sincere and Christian will for peace." Lest there be any doubt about what the "Christian will for peace" is, he summarized it in four points: (1) "The Christian will for peace comes from God . . . its principal arms are those of prayer and love; . . . where people only know how to wield material weapons, there can be no real will for peace." (2) "The Christian will for peace . . . is very careful to avoid recourse to the force of arms in the defense of rights which, however legitimate, do not offset the risk of kindling a blaze with all its tremendous spiritual and material consequences." (3) "The Christian will for peace is practical and realistic. Its immediate aim is to remove, or at least to mitigate, the

causes of tension which aggravate the danger of war morally and materially." (4) "The genuine Christian will for peace means strength, not weakness or weary resignation. . . . A people threatened with an unjust aggression, or already its victim, may not remain passively indifferent, if it would think and act as befits Christians; all the more does the solidarity of the family of nations forbid others to behave as mere spectators, in an attitude of apathetic neutrality; who will over measure the harm already caused in the past by such indifference to war of aggression, which is quite alien to the Christian instinct?"

Through these words comes not only the anguish of Pope Pius XII, but there is here the anguish felt by any man of sincere conscience wrestling in his soul, weighing in the balance the claims of non-violence and violence as the way to peace. He knows by this time that modern aggressions, spiritual and material, come on us like thieves in the night and leave us open-mouthed, staring and crying over our Pearl Harbor, or Munich, or Paris.

And now, it would seem, the lesson ought to be ours. "Any clear-sighted person who has the moral strength and courage to look truth squarely in the face, even if it be painful and humiliating, must fully recognize that this year of 1948, which dawned full of high and well-founded expectations, appears now at its close to have arrived at one of those crucial points, where the path which previously disclosed pleasant vistas seems to pose instead on the brink of a precipice where pitfalls and dangers fill good and generous people with increasing anxiety."

This may be, as some people have said, a pessimistic appraisal of the world at the end of 1948. But one thing it certainly is: it is a warning for those who would watch and pray, it is indeed a call to the arms of prayer and love, and if necessary, to the arms of war. "To all of you, even those at the extremities of the earth, we send as our Christmas greeting, the words by which the prophet announced the work of redemption and the decisive victory of the reign of Christ: 'strengthen (ye) the feeble hands, and confirm the weak knees. Say to the faint-hearted: Take courage and fear not; behold your God . . . will come, and will save you.'"

## The Battle in Hungary

THE JAILING of Cardinal Mindszenty by Hungary's Communist Government, came, as expected, in due course. He was arrested, the Government charged, on suspicion of "plotting against the government, spying, treason and black-market dealings in currency." Such charges are practically beside the point in these communist cases; the question is one of "incompatibility."

Hungary, like the other eastern European

countries, is stirred and shaken by deep and complex historical change. The detail issues on which the Cardinal and the Communist Government might fight are almost innumerable. We do not know exactly on which side of which questions the antagonists stood. Subjects of debate could be land holding, the position of the older ruling classes, the development of the industrial revolution, Hungarian nationalism and patriotism, minority problems, the rules and regulations of business and finance, relations with the rest of the world. The position of Hungary is so fluid and complex that it would seem an almost desperate job to describe the frame and pattern of the quarrel between the Hungarian Communist Government and the Primate of the Church in Hungary. Cardinal Mindszenty was not publicly ordered to subscribe to a test clause about Rakosi being head of the Church in Hungary, nor was he ordered in court to burn incense before an image of Stalin.

But the choice of capitulation or Faith is fundamentally the same. Our Cardinal could not uphold the Faith and still keep free from persecution. The whittling process, the gradual dismemberment, the maiming, the isolating, the undermining slander and propaganda, directed by the Communists against the Church, had gone on too far. Human persecution had grown too great in the Hungarian sub-state. Cardinal Mindszenty was well schooled. He is a bishop of the Church. He is an ancient concentration camp dweller, with the useful jail experience furnished by Hitler. His choice was dictated by his Belief, his character and his position. There is human persecution, and it appears inescapable that there is religious persecution. Communism is an enemy of religion, of the Church. The complexity of current issues seems to be stupid, propaganda superstructure in the lands of the Iron Curtain. The great issue is the worship of God and the persuasion of souls.

Not long ago, radio Voice of America broadcast to the Hungarian people a pastoral letter which Cardinal Mindszenty wrote in Esztergom, but had to smuggle out of the country to be published abroad, which made these statements: "I stand for God, Church and my country. This historic duty is bestowed upon me by the service of my people—the most orphaned people in all the world. When compared to the sufferings of my country, my own fate is unimportant. . . .

"I am not accusing my accusers. If, from time to time, I must cast light on conditions, it is only a revelation of my country's surging pain, its welling tears, its truth crucified. I pray for the world of justice and brotherly love; I pray for those too, who, in the words of my Master, know not what they are doing. I forgive them with all my heart."

We should not learn a bitter lesson from this

generosity. But we must let the light show us what history is bringing. We must try to learn what we are doing. There is spiritual battle.

### *Our Friend, the State*

AT year's end every man must be permitted his meed of gloomy forebodings. Whether he be thinking of the ultimate fate of the enterprise through which he gains his livelihood or about the explosive combination of a Mr. Stalin giving every indication of expecting a war (which many of his people would welcome as a deliverance) and an American President whose Russian utterances are highly unpredictable. What is the prospect, however, should an all-out global war somehow, and without American capitulation, fail to break out?

Much depends on the angle from which the picture is viewed. But one aspect is unmistakable: the growing power and activity of the State complemented by an increasing dependence-on-government on the part of the individual citizen. Such has been the course of the past fifteen years; it is a trend strongly on the increase as, for instance, the immediate agenda of the 81st Congress clearly reveals. Among the impending Washington items are slum clearance and public housing financed by federal funds; federal aid to education; increased government support for farm prices; extension of social security to groups not hitherto covered and an increased rate for social security benefits; some sort of national health insurance; river valley developments à la TVA for the Arkansas, Columbia, Missouri, St. Lawrence and other major rivers. There has also been a lot of talk in Washington lately about having the government build steel plants.

The force of this expansion is well nigh irresistible. There are perhaps three principal planes on which opposition can be developed. The ultimate bastion would be manned by the heroic few who have dug in on family-type farms producing primarily the food and feed for their own subsistence. That is the point of having run so many letters by articulate Christian agrarians in these pages over recent weeks. Such a last thin chain of resistance would include both hardy individual links and the small groups of links provided by scattered rural communities.

In much closer contact with the proliferating government organism is the generality of American rural people. And it is on this terrain that there are also unmistakable traces of a technique which demonstrates that to make the choice either poverty or government aid is to pose a false dilemma. An increasing number of American farm families have learned how to obtain cooperatively and in concert such vital things as credit, insurance of all kinds, groceries, feed, fertilizer, electricity, gas and oil, and even important farm implements. Moreover they have banded together locally to

purchase a tractor or combine and to market produce more directly to the ultimate consumer. In resorting to cooperative techniques they have developed considerable solidarity and group strength. They are pioneers battling on the fringes of our dominantly industrial society.

On the terrain of the American city only the protraction of ERP and war preparations have held off the rise of a new group of unemployed government dependents. Low-cost housing languishes for want of federal funds; family budgets are stretched to meet unparalleled living costs. Insecurity lies around the corner for all but public employees. Yet the potentially dynamic cooperative movement stirs scarcely a ripple on the American urban scene. Nor have most of the labor unions come up with any comparably extensive social program.

Meanwhile how full-fledged cooperative techniques can help people to provide for themselves and for each other some measure of security against the rain—as well as to gain a real knowledge of economic and other forces—is being developed and demonstrated by the coal miners and steel workers round the port of Sydney, Nova Scotia. Under the inspiration of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, the men and women of the area have built up for themselves an impressive aggregate of credit facilities, cooperative stores, regional libraries, individual homesteads, radio courses of instruction, local town meetings and other solid things. And their program is ever expanding and deepening—in an industrial environment!

The obstacles in this country to inaugurating any similar program are stupendous. On the one hand a national lethargy and complacency belying the perils of our time; on the other an almost complete lack of vision and leadership. And so another year rolls round with the prospect increasingly imminent that our vaunted political heritage will largely go by default to some form of state socialism and subservient citizenship if not to communism of the Moscow stamp.

### *Ex Occidente Lux*

THE lines of men and women carrying enormous packages, most of them carefully sewn into white jackets, were not less this year; in fact, the cheap postage granted to US food packages made the lines longer. And just as it was obvious that soon people would begin wondering, will this rain never cease, will we go on sending, food and clothes, medicines and cigarettes, forever, and forever, and no land appear? comes a most welcome announcement from CARE, the non-profit-making cooperative for American remittances to Europe. They now are offering two seed packages “containing potential vast harvests of food for humans and fodder for livestock.” These new parcels are only \$4 each, and are certainly as sure and

splendid a sign of recovery as was the green leaf in the dove's mouth, returning from its trial flight across the first flood.

Many other of the CARE parcels speak of recovery, too. The wool parcels, for recipients to knit up as they need; the sewing parcels, of lengths of stuff to be made to fit; the cobbling outfits, to repair precious shoes. All of these are cooperative in the best sense, for the cooperation is not only between agency and donor, or country and continent, but between giver and receiver also.

It is so much harder to receive than to give, and it is good news indeed that the vegetable selection contains many types suitable for canning or storage, so that the benefits of next spring's and summer's gardens can be extended through the winter months, and the receivers can become givers in their turn. It is one of the strange laws of divine disposal, that we can hardly ever repay the person to whom we owe: our debt, be it tangible or spiritual, must almost inevitably be repaid to another. This is one of the laws of the kingdom, one of the everyday, obvious proofs of the communion of saints, that here includes all sinners. That we are not only feeding our friends or clothing the needy, but are helping them to cultivate their gardens, is cause for candid rejoicing.

### *Arab Reservations?*

MENACHEM BEGIN'S return by air to Tel Aviv from a three week fund-raising trip to the United States coincided with a renewed Israeli push in the Negeb. *The New York Times* compares the Jewish settlements in the Negeb to the “early United States frontier settlers who moved into Indian territory and prepared for the consequences.” One of those consequences here has been the containment of American Indians in reservations, and it is to be wondered whether that solution, as yet, has been seriously envisaged by Israel? True, all the international agencies, from the Vatican to the UN, have already proposed that the Holy Places should become an international reservation, so that still, where God was homeless, all men should be at home; but perhaps it is now the time to suggest that in the vaster Israel preached not only by Mr. Begin, which would seem to include all King David won, there should be reservations for the original owners of the land, Arab enclosures, such as we here grant the American Indians? In each of the areas victoriously embraced or leased by a young and ebullient nation, there might be certain parts set aside for the Arabs, where no one would be obliged to fertilize their land in the new fashion, where none need communally till nor socially harvest, and where tanks and bathtubs alike were unessentials. And in there still, one man alone, facing an empty sky, might prostrate himself five times daily on the bare sand before the one God, Who had given, and also had allowed to be removed.

# Democratizing Japan?

Richard L-G. Deverall

SINCE the coming of the occupation, there is no word more widely used in Japan than "democracy." Yet whether or not it is understood is another matter. Only a few months ago, the writer was seated in a Chinese restaurant in the city of Nagoya, in Japan, enjoying a huge bowl of Chinese O-Soba, a type of noodle soup. A young street-car conductor sat at the next table. We chatted for a while, and learning that he belonged to a union, I hailed him as "Mr. Democracy." The young Japanese conductor laughed in my face. "That is what you think. The Japanese all talk about democracy, but no one knows what it means!"

In a general sense, the street-car conductor was right. And it is indeed a healthy sign that many of the Japanese people now realize that they do not understand democracy, for in the humility of their acknowledged and professed ignorance there is an opportunity to impart to the New Japan some of the basic conceptions of democracy.

Ever since the beginning of the occupation, we have carried on various informational activities aimed at the germination of some type of a democracy in Japan. Often such activities have not only been peripheral but laughable to the scholar—for example, the attempt to sell democracy by teaching square dancing.

Some of the attempts have been pathetic, such as the preparation of a book on democracy, which will be put in all Japanese schools, and which, after two years of writing, is still a jumble of words without meaning, a book on democracy which does not even mention the basic conceptions of democracy rooted in the Christian tradition. But the structure of government in Japan has been changed, the apparatus for the functioning of a parliamentary democracy has been created, and in nearly every field of organization or activity, the occupation has brought about surface, and other, changes which may or may not be of assistance.

Certainly no intelligent person asks that General MacArthur produce a full-blown democracy within the first five years. One returning to America after a long absence overseas is painfully aware of the fact that the problems of democracy in America remain legion. The leftists and the purists who spend a few months in Japan and return either to praise mightily or destroy the work of the occupation miss the point completely. The growth of an organic democracy

in Japan must be the same as the growth of any human institution: the enunciation of basic principles, the structural organization of political society and education to permit the free growth of intelligence and an appreciation of individual human dignity, and then a long incubation period.

Since the beginning of the occupation, two main forces have acted to impede or defeat the development of an organic democracy in Japan. One is the very weight of Japanese tradition, the disillusionment following the collapse of the Japanese Empire, and the intellectual fetters of Tokugawa feudalism. The other major force, and one which in turn exploits the most notable features of Japanese feudalism, is that of Marx-Lenin Communism.

There have been many naïve officers and civilians who went to Japan for a year, and returned to comment that "the Japanese are a dirty and stupid little people." Others merely say that the Japanese are "impossible" of understanding, and hope for the best with fingers crossed. Now there can be no understanding the Japanese without an intelligent study and appreciation of the social and cultural history of the Japanese. And certainly there can be no understanding of Japanese social and individual conduct unless there is an understanding of the fundamentals of Japanese behavior patterns. In my experience, the Japanese are just as logical and precise in their thinking as we are. The human mind is the same the world over. But there is a marked difference between "western" thinking exhibiting the Christian tradition, and "eastern" thinking which exhibits the long increment of Buddhist, Shinto, and feudalistic thought patterns. The logic is the same, but the premises differ.

★

*Gimu and Giri.* For instance, the Japanese have a word which they call *gimu* which refers to the sense of duty of a man to the Emperor, to the state, and so forth. Literally it means the "service of justice." *Gimu* is rooted in the Japanese tradition and often imposes upon the Japanese a duty so strong that life itself is not as important as the fulfilment of what a Japanese conceives to be his *gimu*. Thus there is a national *gimu* owed to the Japanese race, a neighbor *gimu* to the village or hamlet, a *jin-ji gimu* owed to the labor boss who supplies food and clothing and housing to his workers, and a family

gimu owed to the blood relatives of the clan or family group. The family gimu is very strong, and involves obedience to the father without any qualification. It is important to know that this gimu has no moral or ethical signification. Often the gimu will impel social or individual actions which to the Christian mind are immoral. But to the Japanese, the immorality would be in not obeying the gimu. The morality of the act *in se* is not a part of Japanese thought patterns.

As Francis Horner pointed out in his most excellent little book *Case History of Japan* (Sheed and Ward) there is another type of gimu called a *giri*, which refers to the sense of obligation existing between persons in the sense of returning favors and kindness received. Thus, when an American gives some valuable food to a Japanese family, the old folks may burst into tears. To the American, this conduct seems insane. Why cry when given something you need? But the crying is an exhibition of the sadness of the family which has been placed under a *giri* obligation and knows that it is utterly unable to repay the favor. Indeed, the giving of a valuable item to a Japanese may even incur his hatred, for you place upon him a *giri* which he must carry with him until he dies. In like manner, it is the custom of the traditional Japanese family to maintain a *giri* book in which are inscribed the names and favors received from outsiders. Whenever a local person dies, Mama-san runs through the *giri* book to find out if any favors are owed. If so, the family must attend the funeral services, and make an offering returning the *giri* of other days. In a political sense, a certain political party may be of assistance to a local union in winning a contract. Although the union members may disagree completely with the party involved, they are then under a *giri* and must return the favor.

★

*Moju*. The word *moju* is used to describe the feudalistic attitude of complete and blind obedience to higher authority. It involves blind obedience to the Emperor, to duly constituted authority, to the teacher or college professor, and at times even to strong rumors. Thus, in the New Japan, you find workers accepting a strike order from the union headquarters with one hundred percent cooperation. No strike vote is taken and, indeed, the workers involved may individually think the strike unnecessary. But because of the impulsion created by the feudalistic attitude of *moju*, the workers remain out on strike until the central struggle committee sends them another telegram. Likewise, when it became known prior to the Japanese 1947 General Election that General MacArthur favored the election of women to the Diet, the men and women of Japan went to the polls and in a spirit of *moju* faithfully

voted for a large number of women members of the Diet, possibly irrespective of their platform, party affiliation, or qualifications.

*Kaikyu*. Closely related to the feudalistic tendency of *moju* is *kaikyu*, or "class and rank" consciousness. This, like *moju*, imposes obedience to orders from higher classes or ranks merely because of their exalted position. Just as in other days the people had to obey implicitly the decrees and orders of the Shogun and the Samurai, so in the New Japan there is blind obedience to persons because of their class and rank. The most "democratized" Japanese will approach a Japanese policeman, bow, and respectfully wait until they are recognized before they dare address such a mighty person. Once when a Tokyo policeman mistook me for a Japanese, and shrieked at me for not having a bicycle lamp, I told him where to head in. My Japanese companion, a very liberal and well-educated Japanese, was shocked. "Didn't you realize you were talking to a *police-man*?" he said sharply!

At meetings I have attended all over Japan, meetings held to discuss democracy, this habit of mind has shown up. Some local college or university professor lectures the worker or peasant group for hours. After the lecture is over, you question the simple Japanese about the content of the talk. "Oh, we didn't understand a word the Sensei (teacher) had to say. . . . But it must have been good, he is such an *educated* man." From my own observations, the simple peasants often have more common sense than the so-called intellectuals. But feudalistic tendencies remain and the class and rank are worshipped and obeyed because of their *status*.

*Fate*. The Japanese for fate, *shikata-ga-nai*, is one of the most frequently-used words throughout Japan. It literally means, "It cannot be helped." When the winds blow and a typhoon destroys the village, the villagers next day begin reconstruction, forget the event with a sigh, say "shikata-ga-nai." An earthquake received the same treatment. But the passive attitude, the acceptance of all events as fate has devastating social implications when political corruption is accepted as fate, when a large union rank-and-file accept unwelcome communist leadership as fate or when practically any crime or offense against the body politic is accepted in the same manner.

*Japanese Dishonesty*. If the Japanese have any international reputation, it is for duplicity, cunning, and downright dishonesty in their social and political and international relations. The Russians were attacked without warning in 1904, and the United States at Pearl Harbor in 1941. Yet in terms of Japanese feudalistic practices, the dishonesty which we sense is the application of Confucian and feudalistic thought patterns in social relations.

Thus there is the word *kaiju* which means to win over, pacificate, or subdue by the use of cunning and intelligence. As in the West, *kaiju* has three doors: wine, women, and money. *Kaiju* involves the apparent yielding on a principle, only later to envelop and win the original objective. It explains the widespread and notorious corruption not only of the Japanese Government but of most Japanese organizations, be they political, social, economic, or otherwise.

\*

Related to this thought pattern is the word *menjurihai*, which means to speak well before the face of a man many times but, when he has left, to speak your true opinion. Thus you may hold a conference with a Japanese, and apparently win his complete agreement. But later, he will do exactly as he intended, even though he may have agreed to do otherwise. Again, an audience may vigorously applaud a speaker. No opposition will be voiced until the speaker has left the hall, but later he may be torn to shreds. The Japanese explain this thought pattern as "politeness at the expense of honesty." The innate politeness of the Japanese is such that they would not think of offending another person, even if it means breaking a promise or refusing to accept in spirit what they have applauded in principle. This thought pattern is closely related to *menju*, or obedience to what the Orientals call *face*, that element of Oriental thinking compelling people to be socially polite at all costs.

Thus a foreigner may ask a perfectly stupid or insulting question. The question will be answered pleasantly, although the Japanese in question may be seething underneath. But he would not dare reveal the stupidity or impoliteness of the questioner, for that would be to destroy the face of the foreigner. Thus the American in Japan finds it very irritating to talk frankly with government officials, get them committed to a program, only to find later that they have gone and done what they had intended to do all along.

Again closely related to this pattern of thought is the word *uso mo hoben*, or the Buddhist conception of the telling of the white lie as an excuse. To the foreigner, the telling of a lie, no matter how convenient it may be, is wrong. But to the Japanese mind, it has no moral significance. Frequently, a Japanese may be fully informed about something on which he is being questioned. But he will profess complete ignorance and think nothing of it. The unsuspecting Westerner who relies upon direct answers will be misled over and over again.

Thus, when I was visiting various factories in Japan, in asking workers questions I found that if I asked workers enough questions I got my answer, but if I were satisfied with the first an-

swer I was accepting a white lie.

For example, I would ask: "Does your union have frequent union meetings?"

The union official hisses, "Yes."

That is the beginning. Then: "Well, have you had a union meeting recently?"

"Yes," is the reply.

"Well, how frequently? For example, have you had a meeting during 1948?"

The official hisses, scratches the back of his neck, finally says: "Well, I don't exactly remember. Perhaps it was not so recent."

"Did you have a union meeting anytime during 1947?"

Again there is hesitation. Finally he says: "Well, we had a meeting back in August, 1946, when the union was formed."

To us, that would be a deliberate attempt to mislead. But the Japanese, unless you press him and question very persistently, will not give you the facts until you pin him down. And then you may get a white lie, although in my own experience I have found that when they know that you know, they will finally give you the truth. But they will volunteer nothing until you force it!

*Sincerity.* Profanity, obscenity, and oaths are almost unknown amongst the Japanese. But in their own way, when one Japanese calls another "insincere" it is perhaps one of the worst possible things that can befall a man. The word *fuseii*, or lack of sincerity, means that a person called "insincere" is absolutely without honesty and has, as a result, lost his face. With "face" such an important part of the Japanese (and Oriental) thought process, the charge of insincerity may bring immediate reprisals of a drastic nature. There is nothing left except a show of force, an attempt to wreak revenge.

Imagine the difficulties of labor relations under such a situation. A union presents the employer with fifty demands. The employer may accept forty-five of the union demands, but reject the other five. The union decides that if it accepts the offer of the employer, it will lose face. The union leaders then meet with the employer and scream: "You are utterly insincere." Negotiations are ruptured and the workers proceed to strike or otherwise sabotage the factory of the employer. The process of conciliation, mediation, or arbitration is simply out of the question under such a pattern of social conduct, for once the dreadful word has been uttered, there is naught left but to fight. It is no wonder that in most Japanese trade unions, the bargaining committee is not called the bargaining committee but rather the Strife or Struggle Committee!

*Communist Party.* One of the most dangerous features of the Communist Party in Japan is that it is an almost utterly Japanese institution in the old sense. At the very beginning of the occupa-

tion, the Communists made a mistake when they attacked the emperor system, but that was soon dropped when they realized that the average Japanese was wedded to the emperor system as much as ever before. But in their structure and organization, the Communists relied upon the old order as their vehicle to bring them to political power in Japan. From the very beginning, the structure of the Party was strongly centrist, with the top leaders preaching the virtues of "democratic centralism" permitting the party leaders to lecture and bully the rank-and-file just as the Samurai of Japan bullied and oppressed the Japanese of other years.

The gimu once owed to the Japanese Government and to the nation has been restated in terms of the Party and of protection of the Japanese racial spirit, or racial independence. And in the Japan of today, it is not at all a surprise to hear Communist orators giving a rousing speech on gimu and culture with just a change of the symbols.

In the conduct of the left wing unions, the same attitudes of gimu and giri are evident. The union headquarters run their unions by telegram decree. The rank-and-file are frequently no more consulted than were the workers under the Samurai.

A splendid start has been made. But the American people must realize that General MacArthur and his staff are dealing with a society utterly alien in its basic thought patterns to those of the West. The democratization of Japan has only begun. Will the Americans and their Allies have the courage and Christian charity to see the thing through?

### *In Tua Voluntate*

Although my groping spirit  
To the cracked lips of sorrow  
Proffers no milky guerdon,  
But wanders pale and breastless  
By the rich riverside,  
Still, still may she inherit  
A flowering on the morrow,  
Still glory in a burden,  
So long as she is restless  
And will not be denied.

Oh, animate my spirit,  
Unthinkable Creator!  
Shake her with love and loathing,  
That dread and adoration  
May struggle in her still.  
Such is her given merit:  
Oh, therefore animate her!  
Make beat beneath her clothing  
The blood of the creation  
Whose peace is in Your will.

ALASTAIR W. R. MILLER.

## O Morning Stars Together!

HARRY SYLVESTER

FATHER DUNCAN was new to the parish; for him this Christmas Eve, his first in St. Malachy's rectory, had more than the usual freight of meaning. It could not be said that he had come to like the parish during the four or five months he had ministered to it. But then, he often told himself, to like any parish outright would be unusual and perhaps the fault lay with himself: either he was slow to adjust or reluctant to accept a cross when it was proffered him.

He believed a parish revealed itself most truly at Christmastide. The notion was romantic and even he recognized it as such, but it persisted and he could summon up as evidence the change in the parishioners at his previous church. A parish of millworkers, they at first impressed him as sullen and ungenerous, not so much in money-matters as in their feelings and time given to parish activities. But that first Christmas their responses were generous on every level: more women than were needed turned out to decorate the church, contributions for the poor flowed in almost without asking, and he had little difficulty organizing a group of carol singers, this last activity sneered delicately at by the Monsignor, the pastor. It was as though their concern with good works flowed from that time: never again was he able to detect the niggardliness of the first year.

Here admittedly he had been fumbling, a result perhaps of having been kicked upstairs. None of his confreres—indeed, he was perhaps the last to know—but understood he had been transferred here because Monsignor proclaimed far and wide that he wanted no "radicals" around his rectory.

Father Duncan's radicalism consisted of subscribing to a magazine on the liturgy, of the aforementioned carol singing and the persuasion, rather timidly expressed, that a local company union had something less than the weavers' best interests at heart. So he found himself transferred to the only parish in the diocese termed "rich." St. Malachy's was smaller than his former one, covering a twilight area of the city, neither urbs nor suburbs, a land of children on bicycles, decent lawns and three-bedroom detached houses. There were proportionately fewer children here and these seemed less frantic in their activities, with younger faces, phenomena which troubled Father Duncan secretly although he never went so far as to wonder why.

His fumbling here was due partly to a lack of indicated direction for his activities. Carol singing was already an established custom here and firmly under the direction of the organist, Mrs. Gorevin. Although in the loft the choir sang such abominations as Good Night Sweet Jesus and Only a Veil Twixt Thee and Me—it was hard to go wrong on Christmas carols and he couldn't think of a suggestion to make. Playgrounds and supervised recrea-

tional work were not needed here. So that Father Duncan had only the usual essential activity of Masses said, Confessions heard and sick calls made.

More or less half-heartedly he found himself gravitating toward the position of adviser and general counsellor to the younger people of the parish. Enough of those in their late teens or twenties stood in the line before his confessional to have made the pastor remark it once or twice at Sunday breakfast. Father Duncan could think of no special reason why this should occur unless it happened to be his sorrow and fear at some of their physical defections, so that he often could do nothing but after silence shrive them. Yet even out of the confessional they often came to him.

It was only the previous Sunday the pastor remarked how Father Duncan was getting the name of a "soft-touch" in the confessional. The pastor had spoken—for him—rather mildly and Father Duncan found himself left with the uncharitable thought that if the confessional involved a matter of fees the pastor might not be so gentle about it.

Now tonight, Christmas Eve, in the rectory, Father Duncan was afflicted with a causeless unease. The sense of well-being, the sense that all was right with the world which the closeness of the Nativity always brought to him, was present, but it was as though there were nothing toward which he could direct or exercise his good will. All the lights were on for some reason. The empty rectory—the pastor visiting his mother's home nearby, the housekeeper in the church helping with the flowers—was bright, garish and unsanctified. Father Duncan was aware of his own unreasonableness in thinking by implication that the rectory *should* be sanctified. He scanned the shelf of "devotional" books in the library, but nothing appealed to him. There had been an uncut volume of the letters of Francis de Sales, but the housekeeper had thrown it out a week ago because "No one ever looked at it, Father." She was right, too, he thought. He had barely glanced at it. Yet he wondered why some of the other books hadn't been thrown out. The woman's instinct might be unerring, as was that of most Catholics: the de Sales book was the only thing in the rectory worth reading.

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When the doorbell sounded he was grateful, more for the interruption to his thought than for the hope of company. He glanced at the clock—it was almost 11—to see if the time might suggest the possible nature of the visitors. It was too late for anyone seeking counsel, too early for any coming to visit before Midnight Mass.

Three laughing young men stood on the wooden porch when Father Duncan opened the door. The fresh cold air blew past their figures and seemed related to them in some fashion. "Come in, come in," Father Duncan said. He was glad to see them, he would have been glad to see anyone who might interrupt the train of his thought. Two of the young men he knew fairly well, Arthur McIntire, a young insurance salesman, and Kevin Foley, a senior in law school. The other he recognized vaguely,

but could not remember the name, although he was apparently called Jackie, a hulking, baby-faced brute who thrust his chin out more than nature intended it to be thrust.

They seemed gay although Father Duncan could not smell liquor. Drunks at Midnight Mass on Christmas were as inevitable as coughers during a sermon; each year, the pastor said, he inveighed against them but it didn't affect their number, which neither increased nor decreased. Father Duncan felt pleased these three seemed so happy and not drinking. He led them into the parlor and bade them be seated. In the stronger light he noted that Arthur's cheekbone was scraped.

"Well," he said, when they seemed disposed merely to settle themselves into chairs and smile in satisfaction. "Well, you don't look as if you have any problems. I'm very glad you dropped in."

"Not a problem in the world," said Jackie. "All I wish is that it would snow. We're on our way upstate to my folk's place. We figure to get there by morning and I'd sure like to have some skiing."

"But you'd have to drive through a snow-storm to have skiing when you got there," Father Duncan said.

"Oh, we wouldn't mind that," Kevin said. "We're rugged."

This seemed a secondary reference to some secret joke, for all three smiled and almost laughed.

"You mean you'll leave right after Midnight Mass?" Father Duncan said.

"No, what we thought we'd do is leave pretty soon," Jackie said, "and drive all night and go to an early Mass in my town."

"And we wondered," Arthur said, "if you could give us Communion now or pretty soon, so that we wouldn't have to drive all night fasting."

"Oh, I guess it could be arranged," Father Duncan said. "I could give it to all of you just before Midnight Mass begins. We have a little difference in sun time here, so it would be all right. You've all been fasting an hour or will have been by then?"

Kevin Foley nodded sagaciously; he knew about such matters. "We haven't even had a drink. It was all we could do to keep Jackie here from a bar, but we managed." All of them, including Father Duncan, laughed at this. The boys, he decided, were certainly keyed up over something, probably the prospect of their drive. He hesitated and felt guilty but said it. "None of you wishes to go to Confession?"

"No, Father," Kevin said, his face serious. "We all went last Saturday."

Father Duncan nodded. Something nameless bothered him, likely residual from his mood before the visitors came. He glanced at his watch. "You'll have to wait twenty minutes or so," he said.

Arthur nodded piously. The scrape on his cheekbone was brighter. He must have sustained the injury recently, Father Duncan thought. "Were you in an accident coming over here?" he heard himself say. There had been no intention of asking the question.

This amused them again; their laughter or smiling

came closer to being a giggle, and disturbed the priest further. "Not us," Kevin said. "Not us, Father. Not with a Saint Christopher medal in the car."

Father Duncan, two of whose family had been killed some years ago in a car with such a medal fixed to the dashboard, said nothing. Some emotion, often experienced, but never really named, perhaps a form of despair, renewed itself in him.

"We had a fight, though," Jackie said.

"Oh," Father Duncan said.

"That was no fight," Arthur said, making his voice harsher and tougher but still smiling. "That was a massacre."

Kevin thought that was very funny. Yet none of them seemed disposed to talk further about it, but to sit there laughing or smiling or giggling, whatever it was they were doing, enjoying their secret.

"What was it happened?" Father Duncan said.

"You tell him, Kevin," Arthur said.

"But Jackie was the one that really did the most work," Kevin said. He threw back his head and laughed and laughed through bared but closed teeth.

"You tell him. I stutter," Jackie said. He was pleased with himself. "Anyhow, you're the head of the legal department in this firm."

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Still laughing, Kevin said: "We were driving over here and we were going to stop and see some girls. But Arthur said why Christmas Eve wasn't the time to be stopping and seeing girls. So we came on here. We were coming along Magnolia Avenue up to the traffic light where the Low Road comes in, when this Yid in a Packard swings out of a side-street in front of us. He knew he'd cut us off because he stepped on it and pulled away from us. But the light changed before he got to it and he had to stop. There wasn't anyone around, so when we pulled up alongside of him, Arthur said: 'Who the hell do you think you are, driving like that?' and the fellow said what did we mean. We could see in the light then that he was a Yid, so Jackie here leaned out the window and said: 'Look here, buddy, we're not taking anything from any Yid.' And this Jew gets out of the car and says something. I don't know what it was he said. But Jackie and Arthur got out and start after him. He hit Arthur just once—I guess no one expected he'd put up any fight—and then Jackie give it to him on the jaw and he goes down. He started to kick at us as he lay there, but we went in on him and put the boots to him. Honest, we kicked him all the way from the middle of the street right up against the curb, just like you would a soccer ball. And you should have heard him yell."

"Honestly," Arthur said, his voice higher than Father Duncan remembered it. "Honestly, he began to cry just like a kid."

"But he wasn't crying any more when we got him against the curb," Jackie said. "He was out like a light."

"So we backed his car alongside the curb and lifted him up," Arthur said, "and put him in it. I bet he'll be one

surprised Yid when he wakes up."

"Excuse me," Father Duncan said, standing up. His stomach had started to turn. "I want to see for a moment how they're doing with the flowers in the church."

"We'll come along," Arthur said. "We won't have to wait much longer before we can receive Communion, will we, Father?"

"I'm going by way of the sacristy," Father Duncan said. "You can go in one of the side entrances."

"I want to see the flowers close up, anyhow," Kevin said. "My mother's there. It's kind of a tradition in our family. We've always helped at Christmas with the flowers, ever since the Church was built."

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Father Duncan nodded, his lips loosely closed. He preceded them out the door and turned sharply left along the narrow diagonal concrete walk that led to the back of the church. He heard their footsteps crunch along the sidewalk and right after that felt for the first time the snow softly falling.

It was quite dark at the back of the church. In the darkness Father Duncan retched and it was while this was happening that the pastor returned from his mother's. "That you, Father?" he said and Father Duncan raised his sweating face and said it was he.

"I've been sick," he said. "I hope I can make it so I can serve as deacon tonight."

The pastor looked at him in the uneasy dark. "You're not going to become one of those curates that the fasting raises Cain with his stomach?" he said, not unkindly.

"I don't know," Father Duncan said. He put one hand against the stone wall and steadied himself. The cold air was helping. "Maybe we could call the seminary and ask them to send a deacon over as well as a sub-deacon."

"It's too late for that," the pastor said. "If you can't make it, you can't make it. I'll just say a low Mass and the subdeacon can help serve. It'll be good for him."

"If I can do it by twelve, I will," Father Duncan said. He knew he wouldn't be able to serve as deacon; he wouldn't be able to serve as anything.

"Suit yourself," the pastor said and went into the rectory. "Only don't stay out here sweating and catching your death of cold." Entering the warm sacristy he wondered what any parishioners who might see Father Duncan would think. What with its being Christmas Eve and all, they might think he'd been drinking, although he himself had detected no liquor on the man's breath. Still, he'd come here with not much of a reputation and you never knew which way such people might jump. He began to invest himself.

Father Duncan didn't go into the rectory. He began to walk in the falling snow, feeling its tiny, cold particles against his face. Snow such as this—falling softly in a windless night—once reminded him of Grace, touching and heartening and enlightening, a cool brushing of wings. Now it reminded him of nothing but itself and he was grateful even for that.

## CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

### *Catholic Clergy Under Attack in Czechoslovakia*

Rome, 12/23 (CIP)—As a result of a trial before the Czechoslovak State Court at Prague, the Catholic clergy of the Eastern Rite has become the object of violent attacks in the Government-controlled press and radio. In the trial, which started December 3, the Very Reverend Sebastian Sabol, Provincial of the Basilian Order, and the Reverend Pavol Hucko, Catholic Eastern Rite Pastor at Prague, are accused, together with other defendants, of having "established a dangerous organization of conspirators against the security of the present people's democratic régime, aiming at the same time at the creation of a Greater Ukrainian State." The "conspirators" are alleged to have been in contact with several high dignitaries of the Catholic Church and with the Vatican.

In commenting on the indictments, the press and radio at Prague and Bratislava accused the Eastern Rite Catholic clergy in general of having aided the anti-Communist Ukrainian guerrilla troops operating in some parts of Eastern Slovakia and generally referred to as the "Benderovci," after the name of one of their leaders.

Fathers Sabol and Hucko are priests of the Diocese of Presov in Eastern Slovakia, the only Catholic Diocese of the Eastern Rite behind the "Iron Curtain," which so far has been able to function almost normally. Its Bishop, the Most Reverend Pavol Peter Gojdic, is a member of the Basilian Order. According to the Papal Year Book for 1948, the Diocese numbers 150 parishes, 298 churches and chapels, 247 priests, 320 schools attended by 21,566 students, and 141,522 Catholics. These Eastern Rite Catholics are Ukrainians or Slovaks of Ukrainian descent, and most of them live in those parts of Eastern Slovakia which adjoin the former Czechoslovak Province of Carpatho-Russia, now part of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic.

In the Soviet Union, all Catholic dioceses of the Eastern Rite have been "incorporated" in the Russian Orthodox Church, in Eastern Galicia (formerly part of Poland) as well as in Carpatho-Russia (formerly Czechoslovakia) and Bucovina (formerly Rumania). In Rumania, the Eastern Rite Catholic diocese were "incorporated" in the Rumanian Orthodox Church in October.

### *"Religious Unity" in Rumania*

New York, 12/25 (CIP)—In the name of "unity" and "people's democracy," the pro-Communist régime of Rumania and the Government-appointed Patriarch of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, Justinian Marina, claim to have "reunited" more than 1½ million Catholics of the Eastern Rite with the 13 million members of the Rumanian Orthodox Church. "We break forever all our ties with the Vatican and the Roman Papacy imposed on us by violence in 1790. . . . Now, at the beginning of a new life for our beloved Rumanian People's Republic, we are united in purpose." This is part of a resolution adopted October 21 at Alba Julia where the "reunion" was officially carried out.

A proclamation issued by Patriarch Justinian on this occasion, but not published until a month later (November 20), in the Bucharest Government newspaper, *Universul*, stated: "In view of the declaration made at Cluj on October 1, 1948, by a delegation of 430 canons, archpriests and priests of the Rumanian Greek Catholic Church of Transylvania, deciding voluntarily and under no compulsion to break forever all links with the Rome of the Popes, which had been forced upon them 250 years ago, and to return into the bosom of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, we have put into force the Act of the Permanent Synod, adopted at the meeting of October 3 and subsequently strengthened by the signatures of the members of the Greek Catholic Delegation gathered at Bucharest. This Act has been ratified by the Holy Synod at its plenary meeting of October 18, 1948. We glorify God because through His will the disunity among brothers of the same nation has come to an end and the unity in one faith of all Rumanians has been reestablished."

Ion Ratu, a Rumanian Catholic, has published in the London *Tablet* some striking examples of how signatures of Catholic priests for the merger were obtained by the "Siguranta," the secret police. Canon Tamaian stated, for instance, that he, together with Canon Barbul and Canon Ghirlea, was kept for hours on end under glaring lights, that earphones attached to the priests' ears made an endless noise almost strong enough to break their eardrums, that their hands were burned, and their food drugged. "When I woke up," Canon Tamaian afterwards declared in the pulpit, "I was shown my signature. I recognized it as my own, though I could not say when or how I gave it. I hastened to Cluj to withdraw my signature, but I was barred from the Conference room. . . . Since the Government has made use of my signature, to confound the faithful, I consider it my duty to tell you the circumstances under which it was obtained."

Father Ioan Florea, one of the 36 "delegates" actually present at the "reunion" conference, declared: "We (the delegates) were dragged from our homes by the police before we could even change our clothes, taken to Cluj, then to Bucharest, and kept under guard at the Athenée Palace Hotel. Throughout this time we did not know exactly what we were doing, and one of us went mad."

Only a few priests, none of them well known, took an active part in the "reunion" movement.

Almost all the Eastern Rite Catholics live in Transylvania, north of the Carpathian Mountains. They use a liturgy substantially identical with that of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, and their liturgical language is Rumanian. With a membership of more than 1,500,000, they constitute a majority of Rumanian Catholics.

Almost all of the 1,200,000 Latin Rite Catholics in Rumania are members of national minorities, especially Hungarians, in lesser numbers Germans and Poles. Their situation has become more difficult as a result of the forced merger the Eastern Rite Catholics with the Orthodox Church. The Latin Rite Catholics are already considered as "foreign" by language and traditions, and may now also be considered as "foreign" by religion, since the claim is made that all "true Rumanians" have been "united" in the Orthodox Church.

# Communications

## STATISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: It is generally fruitless for a reviewer to attempt to defend his review (*THE COMMONWEAL*, November 5th) of a book by arguing with those who criticize either the review or the book; for no matter what further arguments he advances it is not possible to convince his critics. I do not see why Father Higgins (*THE COMMONWEAL*, November 26th) feels it necessary to bring up Msgr. Ryan's criticism of Mr. Hoover's policies in discussing my review. I probably could have quoted some of my own writings of the period critical of these same policies. But I think it was obvious from my review that I and Mr. Lyons were speaking of the vicious character assassination of Mr. Hoover by the "paid political hacks" who were in Washington in the last two years of the Hoover administration. Even in regard to his policies I think many of us blamed him personally simply because at that time we did not have all the facts and did not know how strongly he was fighting the reactionaries in his own party.

However, Father Higgins' main quarrel with my review and with Mr. Lyons and Mr. Hoover arises from a fundamental difference of opinion in regard to the rôle of the state in modern society. This disagreement is made clear by Father Higgins' comments on my reference to the papal support of the idea of subsidiarity. Father Higgins apparently would invoke the principle in the case of the Taft-Hartley Act but refuse to invoke it in regard to social legislation which happened to please him. It is of course true that when to apply this principle depends largely upon one's personal political philosophy. And although we both benefited from the teaching of Msgr. Ryan and from a general study of the social teaching of the Church, it is obvious that we have come to different conclusions. The experience of the past decade has made me increasingly suspicious of the centralized state and if in accordance with the principle of subsidiarity the intervention of the state finally becomes necessary in a social question all this indicates simply that the smaller groups and intermediate organizations have broken down or have proven themselves inadequate for the task at hand. Certainly in this day of huge economic concentrations of power there are tasks which the central state must assume in the interests of the public weal but there are other tasks which it is assuming in increasing number simply because of the bankruptcy of the smaller organizations. Although such intervention may at times be necessary to avert chaos or intolerable suffering I do not believe that it solves the problem in the long run. The solution of the sort which Mr. Hoover recommends is rather a rebirth of the qualities which formerly in American history made the family and the community virile forces in American society. If we concentrate on pushing all our problems upon the state the latter finds itself faced with more than it can handle and we do nothing to reverse the truly disastrous trend which is

destroying the small social groups absolutely essential for the preservation of democracy and the freedom and dignity of the individual.

One of the many curious marks of our age is the refusal either to study history or to profit by its example. Spengler, Sorokin and Toynbee, to name only three recent writers, have shown us the relationship between the growth of statism and the disintegration of a civilization. Present trends indicate that we are truly already in Spengler's "winter" and many a century may pass before we reach the "spring" of a new era. If we speed up the process or heroically reverse the trend and, in spite of Spengler's dictum, stand athwart the path of Leviathan and attempt to reverse the course of history, then we must choose between relegating more and more power to the state and a vast effort in all sections of American life to arouse once more the qualities of Christian charity, independence, resourcefulness and initiative which after all were mainly responsible for the phenomenal growth of our country. If Mr. Hoover's ideas no longer work the fault lies not with him but with that large segment of the population which is willing to give up all ideas of personal responsibility in favor of the paternalistic state.

WALTER J. MARX.

## CHRISTIAN INDUSTRIALISM?

Rhineland, Mo.

TO the Editors: I am happy to see that John Cort in his latest on the Industrial apostolate-Agrarian apostolate tussle realizes the difficulty of looking at the matter objectively.

Certainly no definite advantage can be had or gained with uncharitableness by either side. So often in Catholic discussions of this kind the facile pen is substituted for Christian logic and charity.

Perhaps I, who have been with the *Catholic Worker* from about the same time that John Cort was living at Mott Street while organizing the ACTU—around the corner—can offer a few observations.

The thing that attracted me to the c.w. was its Agrarian viewpoint. Although that did not prevent me from being on the picket line in the Chicago Newspaper Guild strike years ago as well as the steel mill strike in which the police shot and killed a number of strikers.

Since that time I have run cw houses, a cw farm, and also run the gamut of factory jobs. Not "fortunate" enough, however, to be able to tell Mr. Cort about the assembly line evils.

At present I am on a farm that two families bought for the express purpose of building a community; for developing communitarian agrarian living.

I don't attempt to throw out the machine when it allows man to develop his abilities as a craftsman. When he can work that machine and still retain his mental balance.

It is just possible that machine-tending is the cause of one patient in an insane asylum for every 239 people. To say nothing of those on the outside. Or it might be the

cause of the mumbo-jumbo atmosphere and mechanical mind that produces the high rate of divorce, of drunkenness and of suicide.

If Mr. Cort would read other passages from the same encyclical that he so aptly quotes to prove his industrial theories, he would also find that agrarian life is a noble one. One that ennobles man and makes him a free soul; free to seek his God, to serve his God, his community and his country.

Ed Willock makes the statement that men will achieve worker responsibility "not as single craftsmen but as parts of comprehensive teams." Alexis Carrel, in his *Man the Unknown*, predicted and advocated that years ago. But he added a sinister note. Man should be drafted to do industrial work in the huge industries for a few months of the year, while the remainder of the year he would become a free man to do as he willed on his own plot of ground in his own craft.

Granted for the sake of argument that industry did achieve that end: the leisure state in actual practice. Ultimately it would defeat its own purpose.

Today the talk is about a thirty and thirty-five hour week. The coal miners are already asking for such a week. What are they going to do in their spare time? Will men be an asset to society working only five days a week at high salaries and then idling around for the remainder of the week?

THE COMMONWEAL editorially doesn't think so. They advocate communities of the Granger Homestead type for the miners. If a man works four days a week he can't expect a salary for six days' work. So let the miner work the land for two or three days a week, and earn some of his livelihood that way.

Which brings me to the point of all this about the leisure state falling into its self-dug pit.

Let's picture a society with a thirty hour, a highly productive week. What is the worker going to do with his spare time? If he doesn't have a Christian philosophy, in plain terms he is going to raise hell, have a good time giving in to his pent-up emotions and desires.

If he is a good Catholic, or if this Mass Production society is going to be as Christianized as Mr. Cort says it will be, he will probably take up a hobby. He will make furniture; raise his own vegetables and some meat on a piece of land; learn to carve, to paint, to write; take up weaving on a hand loom, learn to build and do and make a hundred and one things that until now he had to obtain from industry. Industry will find itself losing a lot of consumers, and without consumers there isn't any need for mass production.

To get back to Mr. Cort. He fails to distinguish between materials and the product, when he refers to Mr. Antonucci and speaks of the medieval shoemaker. The nails and the hide are merely materials from which the shoes are made and the shoemaker is responsible for the whole shoe when it is finished. After all he fashioned it, designed it and put his art into making it. That certainly isn't true of the Nunn-Bush shoes that Mr. Cort is probably wearing.

Let's not sell peanuts to the artist's children, Father

Smith. Let him grow them himself in his spare time. In which case there won't be a parasite middle-man who, by putting an unjust cost on the price of peanuts, often causes the artist's children to go about in rags.

In spite of all the industrial Christianizing they speak of, none of the industrial apostolate has been able to reconcile it with the free will and rational nature of man.

Farming always has, at least on the family or communal type farm, given man a chance to work on his own terms and develop his own initiative and responsibility. That is the making of a free man.

MARTIN L. PAUL,  
*Holy Trinity Farm.*

## PSYCHIATRISTS

Rapid City, South Dakota

TO the Editors: Since some of the writers and correspondents in THE COMMONWEAL seem to be outdoing one another in frantic attempts to christianize Sigmund Freud and his grotesque psychology, as well as the less repulsive Carl Jung, I want to get in a word for my favorite, Alfred Adler. Now, there is a man whose system of psycho-psychiatry needs no christening or catholicizing. With very slight trimming his entire masterpiece of thought could be fitted in nicely within the framework of both Thomistic philosophy and Catholic dogma, morals, and asceticism. Take his famed "will-to-community": what else is that but the second "great commandment," to love our neighbor as ourselves? It was just because of the fact that he stressed brotherly love so endlessly for the cure of psychoneuroses that he was never received with acclaim by most modern scientists, medical or otherwise. The idea of love for fellowman was simply out of their ambient. There was another reason, too, for the coolness of their welcome toward him: he refused to speak and write in a scientific jargon intelligible only to the high and mighty scientists within the esoteric circle. He chose so to express his thoughts that even the *hoi polloi* could grasp them. For this he was roundly condemned as a betrayer of trust, as a traitor to the cause of science.

One of the writers, trying to make Freud and his spewing acceptable to Catholic ears, declared that Freud had been enamored of the clap-trap and mumbo-jumbo of physical science with its elaborate laboratory machinery, and that he had hoped to found a science of psycho-psychiatry built in the same mechanical way; but that he had been lured to quite the opposite extreme, and arrived at most of his fantastic conclusions by means of a "keen intuition." That is true, and that, likewise, is a criticism that might be aimed at Adler's method: there was much "intuition" (or just plain guessing) in it, with this difference: the "intuitions" of Adler were much surer, keener, and more of common sense. Because he had never had a formal course in philosophy, Adler's logic limped a whit at times, too.

Still I have my dream: that what is certainly known in psychiatry today and what is taught in Catholic moral and ascetic theologies are natural complements of each other, awaiting only a bridge-builder to join them and set going

a system that will be the highest benefit to mankind of anything scholars have yet thought out. My dream goes further and tells me that when this happy union will take place, it will be the system of Adler that will be taken wholly into the Church, baptized, and have all its primal sin forgiven. By that time the name and fame of Freud and Jung will have been relegated to the limbo of sinister spirits, now detaining Machiavelli, Malthus, Darwin, Marx, Engel, Nietzsche and Hitler—sinister and discredited souls.

*Very Reverend* WILLIAM BOYD.

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#### THE DUTCH CASE

**W**E HAVE secured the following explanation of the Dutch position in the Indonesian affair. The Indonesian case is largely based on the fact of Dutch violation of the Renville Agreement, negotiated at the beginning of the year. The Dutch case rests on Indonesian violation of the Lingadjatti agreement of 1947. By this, the Indonesian Republic agreed to return to their Dutch owners, whether to individuals or to the Dutch Government, the actual properties, concessions and estates, which were still in Indonesian hands. Only property actually registered as belonging to Dutch owners was specified, and, as a result of the continued holding onto this by the Republic, police action was undertaken by 100,000 Dutch troops in 1947. These occupied the ports, and invested two-thirds of the entire territory of Java, and one-fifth of the area of Sumatra.

In the Dutch-held areas, the Dutch assert, the old colonial attitude has disappeared, and these areas are already part of the United Netherlands Federation. The situation throughout these areas, a Dutch businessman in New York has specified, is "economically remarkable, politically unsatisfactory." The trade balance, for example, between the United States and Indonesia is breaking even, and the rubber, quinine, tin, tobacco and palm-oil production of the Dutch-held areas is in tremendous shape, with great exports to the U.S. The Republic is on the contrary in very sad and poor shape economically, and for three reasons. The Republic has alienated the Dutch, by delaying tactics on the Lingadjatti agreements re their territorial possessions; it has been weakened by Communist attacks and infiltrations; and it has been unable to negotiate trade agreements, except certain minor ones, some with second-rate and even shady individuals. Until the Dutch undertook their police action, there was no Indonesia export trade in raw materials, only smuggling to Singapore, where a gang of international crooks dealt in Indonesian raw materials at ludicrous racketeering prices.

The whole Dutch Cabinet, unanimously, and the entire Dutch Parliament, except for the Communist members, is behind Mr. Stikker, the Foreign Minister, in the present Indonesian action. The Dutch had committed themselves to establish the Federal system throughout Indonesia by 1949, and the Republic was—is? the greatest obstacle to their implementing of their promise. The Foreign Minister does not care how much bad publicity the Dutch run into over Indonesia; he is determined to go

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## CRANE'S PERSONALIZED INFORMALS

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ahead and establish the Federal system. The Indonesians, according to the Dutch, are outstandingly non-political, and, were the Federal system to be established, the Republic would not have a chance of continuing in existence. So long as a strong government in exile is not established with American help, the Dutch feel completely confident about the present situation working out to their advantage.

THE EDITORS.

## AS OTHERS SEE IT

### *History and Education*

From an article in the December *Blackfriars* (St. Giles, Oxford, England) by Marthinus Versfeld:

To Catholics the study of history is of special significance because Christianity is in a special and radical way a historical religion. History is, so to speak, the medium of God's revelation of himself to man, and in its contingencies his Providence operates. The Incarnation gives an entirely new significance to the things of time, so that henceforward *res gestae* have a new intelligibility as the anticipations and consequences of the life of a God who was made flesh and dwelt among us so that we beheld his glory. When Kant attacks the Catholic faith he attacks it because it is sacramental, or, what comes to the same thing, historical. He cannot tolerate the givenness of the historical religion and wishing to found religion on human reason which is quite inadequate to the concrete uniqueness of actual history, he attacks historical revelation and the historical Church. But history is the medium in which Truth Itself has made itself visible and if the human mind is made for the truth the study of history is in a special way necessary for its education. . . .

But beyond this first and most important consideration it is true that also the natural man as essentially rational is historical. We cannot seek truth except in the company of our fellows, and it is in this sense that we say that society is a work of reason. The very language which we require in order to think and to communicate thought is a social growth. Further, it is not the work only of our contemporaries but of those who went before us. Hence to be rational we must live also in the company of the dead. Truth for beings like us, who are members of a species, is tied up in the circumstances of sense and time, and we can extract it only by a co-operative process requiring law, tradition and certain physical continuities. . . .

It is on this account that attacks on history and on the historicity of our culture are among the surest marks of a spirit of opposition to reason and to humanity. Getting rid of history or falsifying it is one of the chief contemporary effects of pragmatism and utilitarian materialism. It makes of historical truth what suits it, since man is the measure, and turns it into mere propaganda. The planned rootless mechanised industrialised factory state has no use for history

on any terms. That is why there is a tendency in our schools to do away with history, and why anybody who encourages its abolition is a traitor to the human race. . . .

History, in fact, has to do with *res gestae per homines*, that is, with human acts. Hence history has a spiritual quality derived from the quality of the human or moral acts which are the object of the moralist. On this account history is a medium not only of intellectual but of moral culture and with literature forms the chief discipline through which at school the culture of the personality can be achieved. The study of history is no mere study of physical events but of human motives and of the human heart, a study by which a man warms to his kind, knows himself to share a common destiny and a common goal, and thus becomes capable of responsible, public and really political acts.

On this account it is the most philosophic of the subjects generally taught at schools, and that which is most capable of telling the pupil what it is to be human, and why he is at school, and why he studies what he does. . . . History is, of all the human sciences actually taught at school, the one most capable of saving the curriculum from being a hotchpot of unrelated studies which insult the unity of a personality made in the image of the One God.

### *Responsibility*

Cardinal Griffin of Westminster speaking at New Castle, December 5:

"This is not the first time I have spoken of the importance of Christian family life and the duties and responsibilities of parents for their children.

"Do not allow the State to relieve you of these responsibilities because, if you do, it will finally relieve you of your children. If you allow the State to monopolize the feeding, clothing and education of your children it will do so in accordance with its own ideas. It will decide the future career of your child, and finally direct him to the work or industry which it considers best for the child and the community. You will have no say. But you have duties as Christian parents to feed and clothe and educate your child. This is not only a duty; it is a right. This means that you must train and mould the character of your children according to the Christian pattern.

"We now come to the responsibilities of employers and workers. In this country we have planned for social security so that every worker shall be secure of employment and of an adequate wage. There is an obligation on the employer to pay his workers a living wage and to have regard for his welfare. There is a corresponding duty on the part of the worker to do an honest day's work and to be interested in the welfare of the concern for which he is working. I do not think it is realized how much an increase in security leads to a decrease in a sense of responsibility. But it should be obvious to any thinking man. Security is generally obtained by a loss of freedom and a consequent decrease in responsibility.

# The Screen

## Why Hollywood Is Worried

**Y**EAR'S END usually finds a critic swamped by the large number of films being rushed into theaters. Instead of skipping these pictures, which will no doubt still be playing at neighborhood houses for the next few months, and which offer enough material to fill several review columns, I shall list them this week and add just a few notes that may inspire your attendance—or may indeed make you decide to stay home with a good book. In most cases the latter choice would be wiser.

*Blanche Fury*: an English costume picture in which Valerie Hobson and Stewart Granger passionately run the gamut. Excellent technicolor, and interesting as a study in evil, but very, very talky.

*Adventures of Don Juan*: Errol Flynn, dashing in and out of bedrooms and up and down stairs, tries too hard to put over the idea that there's a little bit of Don Juan in every man. If you don't subscribe to this philosophy, you're likely to find this picture a well-dressed, elaborately decorated bore.

*Hills of Home*: Scotch sentiment laid on rather thick by Edmund Gwenn as a "lovable" doctor and by Lassie as a neurotic collie who refuses to take to water. If you must send your child to the movies, try him on this.

*Whiplash*: a thoroughly unpleasant melodrama in which Clark Dane tries to free Alexis Smith from her sadistic husband, Zachary Scott. The contrived story arranges this impasse without violating the Johnson Office code.

*Live Today For Tomorrow*: Fredric March and Florence Eldridge give first-rate performances in this cinematic sermon against mercy killing. However the argument stumbles over its own feet, and one isn't exactly sure which side the film is defending. With a little more care in handling its material, this could have been an outstanding film.

*The Decision of Christopher Blake*: means to show the unfortunate effect of an impending divorce on a child, but it gets so bogged down in sentiment that you can hardly follow its point through the teary atmosphere. Ted Donaldson is swell as the kid, and Cecil Kellaway is good as the judge.

*Every Girl Should Be Married*: an attractive newcomer, Betsy Drake, works awfully hard to prove this to Cary Grant. She finally wins him, but only because he's exhausted (as you too may be) and not because her arguments make any sense. Even though the situations are rather amusing, this is the kind of a film that makes you wish you could talk back to its superficial characters.

*That Wonderful Urge*: may make you feel like talking back to a few characters too, especially when heiress Gene Tierney tries to get even with reporter Tyrone Power by telling the press that he married her. Since he really didn't, frustrated Tyrone moves in as her husband—and the result is supposed to be very funny. The cast really doesn't have a chance with this dubious comedy.

*The Paleface*: a satire on westerns designed for Bob Hope fans who laugh at anything this comedian says or does. Jane Russell helps him say and do; but approach this with caution if Hope is not your boy.

*The Countess of Monte Cristo*: a very dreary affair in which Sonja Henie impersonates a lady; she skates very well however.

*Words and Music*: Mickey Rooney and Tom Drake as the Rodgers and Hart of the title. The story's a bore, but several of the musical numbers are well worth waiting around for. Some day the movies are going to figure out how to give us the wheat without the chaff.

*When My Baby Smiles at Me*: this musical version of "Burlesque" has been made so superficial in plot that it's more annoying than entertaining; but Betty Grable and Dan Dailey can certainly put over a song.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

"Done with love and piety . . . a deep reverence shines through it . . . a heart-warming film for Christmas!"  
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## Books

*The Hollow of the Wave.* Edward Newhouse. Sloane. \$3.50.

THIS novel is a follow my-leader of disenchanted worldly babes who wander in and out of different beds. In that cauldron of mashed hopes and bubbling dreams, Manhattan, everyone is a protagonist of everyone else. The "I" of this tale, Neil Miller, has a cavalier affair with his boss's wife, Linda; Larry Holland, her husband, is feinting passionately with a baggage, one Maxine, the wife of his chief editor. All the lustful sortees tangle with the flagrant communism of the Holland Press, the Fascism of Larry's brother, Ralph, Neil's bemedalled Army stint, Larry's ditto, divorce, remarriage, tough, quiet disillusion with lingering aloe-bitterness.

*The Hollow of the Wave* would appear, at first, to be another un-smart "Huckster" novel, but actually Edward Newhouse has done more than just maneuver types; he has given his drinking, wenching, soap-boxing characters a certain three-dimensional validity, weak and/or rotten as they may be. Anyhow, everyone has a dream of *belonging* to someone or to some place.

Like many another Manhattan-set novel, *The Hollow of the Wave* is a bit of a phony because it trumpets the same old moan on the same worn note—the hopeless rot of the cosmopolitan way of life. That every human is important in the eyes of Heaven is a truism I wish I need not repeat. Unfortunately nothing has been added in Mr. Newhouse's book to show why he should choose the shop-worn café casuals and exhibit their damnable indifference and destructive paganism. The negative approach was more convincingly handled in early Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

Mr. Newhouse can tell a colorful tale; he writes with surety and a minimum of nonsense about the bewildered babes in Manhattan's petrified forest. Aside from the promiscuous "glamor" gleaned from reading about Winchellesques, what is offered to the reader in *The Hollow of the Wave*? Birth, copulation and death not even *striving* for effect.

'Tis a weary, sad story, and I should like to see the author set his story in a small American town at least five-hundred miles from Mad-hattan, where the "isms" are less important, the mores stricter, and at least one character free from Eastern effeteness. Right now Mr. Newhouse should quickly change the title of his novel to *The Wave of the Hollow*.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON

*The Book of Great Conversations.* Edited by Louis Biancolli. Simon & Schuster. \$5.

GOOD conversation, like correspondence, is becoming a lost art. The telegraph, the phone, the movies, the radio, and latterly television, are largely responsible. Speed is the all-in-all. We live too fast to think; and to cease to think is to cease to converse—that is, intelligently. A telephone at the elbow is not conducive to the making of a rounded sentence. How are we to reflect, much less meditate?

The so-called great conversations recorded in this book—they are by no means all great—range from Socrates to our own time. Socrates is, of course, in a class by himself. The piece chosen is from *Crito*, which is more a mono-

logue than a conversation, offering the last words of the noble sage, chiding his friends for weeping when he deliberately chose not to have women there so as not to provoke idle tears. The descent from *Crito* to the final conversation in the book between Wells and Stalin is the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. The man who once referred to the Deity as "Mr. God" and the renegade monk who once indulged in banditry in the name of his Marxist god speak their pieces on rival systems of economics. This is no conversation. We have two lecturers talking. Each in his turn speaks at inordinate length in dead words uninformed with life or spirit. It is a solacing thought that whereas Socrates' words will be remembered as long as men can read, the words of Wells and Stalin were forgotten as soon as they were spoken.

It is different in the case of the conversation between Shaw and Chesterton, who break a lance on the question of absorbing alcohol. Here are two contemporary masters of wit and paradox seen at their very best; the detached observer must concede that, for all Shaw's cleverness, he is "taken for a ride" by his opponent.

Great men do not always make great conversationalists. A case in point is Michelangelo who, in a conversation with Vittoria Calonna and Francesco d'Ollanda, attempts to explain why artists are unsociable, actually proving that it is he, almost alone among artists, who is unsociable, leaving his work to speak for him, which, heavens knows, is eloquent enough.

On the whole, the best conversations are those between the literati. A talk by the three distinguished contemporaries, Heine, Balzac and Eugene Sue, couldn't possibly be dull. The ten pieces in which Samuel Johnson figures are representative; little can be said that hasn't already been said. The meeting of some London wits, which includes Hazlitt and Lamb, is bound to result in fine talk, with copious quotations from verse. (How reminiscent it is, in this writer's opinion, of the talk he had heard at W. B. Yeats' Monday evenings over a cobbler's shop in Woburn Buildings, London!).

Capek's and Emil Ludwig's talks with President Masaryk should be counted out. Being journalistic interviews, with the reporter doing the questioning and Masaryk the answering, they are scarcely legitimate, their inclusion being purely arbitrary.

In the case of George Kennan's talk with Tolstoy on the subject of non-resistance, the interviewer turns disputant; hence this selection is wholly legitimate, though it is by no means brilliant as a conversation. The Ego is the chief conversationalist in the talks in which Napoleon takes part, just as noble Mercy has the chief say in the conversation which reveals Lincoln, on the plea of a mother, rescuing a boy from the execution of a death sentence.

Variety is the spice of such a book as this, as it is of the temperaments who figure in it. A mere juxtaposition of names will reveal this: Rousseau, Voltaire, Casanova, Franklin, Goethe, Byron, Hardy, Stendhal, Wagner, Bismarck, Wilde, Walt Whitman, Clemenceau. Uneven such conversations are bound to be, running the whole gamut from the superlatively noble to the merely innocuous and inexpressibly dull.

JOHN COURNOS.

*Captive Princess.* Margaret Irwin. Harcourt. \$3.00.

MISS IRWIN has a good many admirers among the reviewers, and some of them do not hesitate to say that she is the best historical novelist now writing.

This could be true without giving her a very high place, so bad are most novels of the type. One thing at least must be said of Margaret Irwin, and that is that she writes well, though in a somewhat spotty fashion, here with affectation and there with a direct vividness, yet always with a better style than that at the command of most novelists, and particularly historical novelists.

I did not read this book's predecessor, *Young Bess*, which was, so I understand, centered around the very nasty amorous advances that the middle-aged Thomas Seymour made after he had succeeded in getting the young princess put under his charge, but I cannot see how (if there was much attention to historical truth) that affair could be made other than shabby, however little to blame Elizabeth may possibly have been. But I did read Miss Irwin's *The Gay Galliard*, a rip-roaring account of Bothwell's abduction and marriage of Mary Queen of Scots, and there is no doubt that that was a vastly better book than *The Captive Princess*. The dreadful thought comes over one that Miss Irwin plans to write a novel about every section of Queen Elizabeth's life, and though she shows that she has read widely in her period, her point of view is the conventional one, touched up with some pretty sentimentality. Here the romantic interest is supplied by Robert Dudley, a fellow-prisoner in the Tower with Elizabeth, a married man who later fell under suspicion of murdering his wife, and who was already having a kind of love affair with the Princess.

This fluff I pass over as not worth considering, so artificially is it contrived. But there are a number of scenes which are really brilliant: for example all those connected with "Duke Dudley's" plot to become actual king of England by marrying his son Guildford to Lady Jane Grey, who wanted neither him nor the crown to which she had no right. Mary was made Queen because the people of England rallied to her, not as Miss Irwin represents, out of sympathy with a badly-treated woman but because the restoration of Catholicism, which it was known Mary would effect, was popular. Mary's subsequent blunders will, no doubt, appear in a subsequent novel, but Miss Irwin does show her as what indeed she was, a most merciful woman, though of course her conscientiousness, which is acknowledged here, is going to be twisted awry, of that we may be sure. The whole view-point is Protestant, though of the new-fashioned rather than of the old-fashioned sort. Miss Irwin already has started wringing her hands over dissensions about mere "opinion." What lies ahead of us is the traditional picture of "Gloriana", modified somewhat by the modern research of which Miss Irwin shows that she is aware; and it will always be well drawn. I fear, however, that it will be mixed with such conjectures about motives, and such purely fictitious elements as too many historical novelists consider it their right to use.

THEODORE MAYNARD

*Primer on the Taft-Hartley Law.—A Moral Analysis.* Rev. George A. Kelly. Christopher Press, Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00.

ONE OF the locals of the United Auto Workers, CIO, has ordered 15,000 copies of this book. It made an excellent choice. In *Primer on the Taft-Hartley Law*, Father Kelly has done some of the simplest, clearest writing that we have seen on Taft-Hartley.

In addition to that he gives the reader an elementary education in labor law and labor ethics. Written in question-and-answer form, this 169-page book is admirably organized into 19 sections plus, of course, the text of the T-H Law and an excellent index.

This is a book that anyone who is interested in labor can understand, enjoy and profit from. Whether or not the Taft-Hartley Act is repealed in the near future, there is no question that some kind of federal regulation of trade unions is here to stay. If you want to know the legal, moral and practical angles involved, read *Primer on the Taft-Hartley Law*. J. C. CORT

*Doctor Faustus. Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$3.75.*

"I DO and must stress the importance of making the reader a witness of Adrian's experiences in the world of intellect and spirit," writes Dr. Serenus Zeitblom, a humanist, in his biography of Adrian Leverkühn (1885-1940). And he gives an absorbing account of Leverkühn's childhood, schooling, musical education, advances into theological study, final dedication to music, and death. To augment his studies he has one or two letters and a document found after the death of the composer. Otherwise his knowledge is based on a life-long friendship and a loving and watchful heart. There is a sinister undertone to the relationship, however, because Adrian is almost more important to Zeitblom than his own life.

Adrian was from the beginning of his life set apart. He seemed not to need ordinary human warmth, not to be able to partake of it. He was "possessed by an ironic remoteness" of which Zeitblom writes: "This arrogance was the chief motive of the fearful love which all my life I cherished for him in my heart." Adrian was a person who could not become one with his fellows. He was isolated even when surrounded. He could not *belong*.

It was arrogance, coldness, mockery, which spoiled his creative energies and it was the devil who had to aid him in keeping these aside. Adrian in his speech at the end of the book says (he had a way of relapsing into an archaic form): "But whatever sinner was I . . . I have ever busied myself as a worker and did never rist or rist, but toiled and moiled and produced hard things. . . . Only the shame and the intellectual mockery and what in the time was against the work, that he kept aside, the residue I had to do myself."

Adrian belonged to the devil by his belief and by his invitation. The devil personifies the lack of humility, the absence of joy from what is generally called "the presence of God." He is a negative phenomenon yet he brings his own remedies and becomes a positive force for brilliance, renovation, cleverness—manipulation but never originality. Thus Adrian's music was not "free music, world music . . . it was the music of one who never escaped."

Why did Adrian believe in the devil? Because he was cold. Was his coldness the silent invitation? Yes. Why was Adrian cold? This is not explained, perhaps because to answer that question completes a circle and starts another. At any rate, the coldness was a vacuum and the devil saw his chance. Adrian contracted a particularly heady and illuminating form of syphilis and his consent to the devil seems to have been officially consummated. The devil's "little ones" sitting in Adrian's brain heighten his powers, fire him, bring to pass his great musical works.

Although *Dr. Faustus* assumes novel form many people seem to think that Mann has overweighted his vehicle and broken its form. On the other hand, the *Dr. Faustus* story is serious and philosophical, and there is no reason why learned digressions should not be considered in keeping. It is a perfect vehicle for observations on the German character, on history, philosophy, music, mythology, etc. To so enlarge a novel is a fairly ancient custom and for nowadays it is a refreshing change, besides being Mann's prerogative.

The most valid criticism is that the book is too devilish clever. For Adrian is the inanimate maypole around which the theme revolves and most of the other characters are comparatively stationary, though rendered lively by their apposite conversation. Dr. Zeitblom, as he slowly reveals his scholarly and simple old heart (sophisticated too, and subtle and Germanic) is the only "successful" characterization. He becomes real and warm and trembling. Perhaps also the peasant woman, Frau Schweigstell, and a few minor ladies approach the threshold of a dynamic existence. The others are in limbo. But this is all right. None of them are dull, especially as they afford the author rich material for character analysis. They are a part of the panoramic effect. And I feel that though a reader is entitled to notice the inherent liabilities of a well-planned allegory, he is not really entitled to quibble over them. They are inevitable, even historical.

VIRGINIA BENNETT.

*Major Trends In Jewish Mysticism.* Gershom G. Scholem. Schocken. \$5.50.

PROFESSOR SCHOLEM teaches Jewish mysticism at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. This book contains his scholarly and highly specialized lectures delivered in 1941 before the Jewish Institute of Religion in New York. The immense learning and care of the author place this book in a category of books which make it quite difficult to review in a magazine like *THE COMMONWEAL*. However, the first lecture on general characteristics of Jewish mysticism has a more general interest. If the learned author worked it into one of those well-printed and pleasant Schocken books and made it available in the language required for a greater public, we all might profit from it.

For one who has been educated in Catholic mysticism this is indeed a strange world in spite of the fact that it also is a theology of "experiencing God." Professor Scholem himself shows one definite difference: Jewish mysticism is "a masculine doctrine, made for men and by men . . . (and) shows no trace of feminine influence." No Mechthild, Juliana or Teresa! The feminine, passive element in male mystics, as Saint Bernard, Suso or Tauler, which strikes the twentieth century Catholic and has misled the psychoanalytic guild into all kinds of suspicions lacks so completely that its finest flower, the Kabbalah, appears to be a sort of theosophic gnosticism. In Kabbalistic mysticism woman does not represent "tenderness, but stern judgment."

The author sees in this masculinism the reason for another trait of Jewish mysticism: its reticence on all personal matters and experience, its "tendency towards objectivization of mystical vision." The highly subjective writings with their superb psychological analyses of Saint Teresa have probably completely spoiled our appetite for Jewish mystical writers, as even the visions of

Saint Hildegard seem to our age like an early and primitive stage of mystical writing.

The gnostic character seems also to become evident in another tendency; religious law—Halakhah—is transformed into "a sacrament, a mystery rite." Jewish mysticism has even here a strong cosmic flavor; "Every religious commandment became an event of cosmic importance, an act which had a bearing upon the dynamics of the universe. The religious Jew became a protagonist in the drama of the world; he manipulates the strings behind the scene" . . . "if the whole universe is an enormous complicated machine, then man is the machinist who keeps the wheels going by applying a few drops of oil here and there. . . . The moral substance of man's action supplies this oil and his existence therefore becomes of extreme significance, since it unfolds on a background of cosmic infinitude." The author himself sees the danger of theosophical schematism or magical mechanism. Neither the Kabbalah nor Hasidism has taken the feeling away from me that this mysticism is "penultimate" if compared with Christian mysticism, even the earliest witnesses, the Desert Fathers, Saint Augustine and pre-Bernardine Benedictinism.

Professor Scholem is rather hard—being a scholar—on the Hasidism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a period more familiar to us than any other because of the readable and charming books of Martin Buber. In it he sees only a re-hash of a greater period, a popularization of the masters. To us it is interesting to see that the "lower" mysticism in distant Galician ghettos is almost contemporaneous with the "lower" popularized mysticism of Paray le Monial, German Pietism and Wesley's and Fox's popular movements of Quakerism and Methodism. Although different in content, there is a resemblance in these "bourgeois mysticisms" whose staler forms are so predominant in many popular forms of devotional life and literature even in our day. It is indeed very intriguing that a certain kind of painting, of poetry, of music seems to go over as well in revivals as in Catholic missions, in fiction and movies. I, for one, am not convinced that it represents the true common denominator or common ground on which, e.g., all Christians can meet.

H. A. REINHOLD.

*Joan of Arc.* Edward Wagenknecht. Creative Age Press. \$4.50.

WHEN I was a little girl I was quite impressed with the story of Joan of Arc, but as I grew up she faded farther and farther into the shadows until it became necessary to dust off her memory two years ago when Maxwell Anderson and Ingrid Bergman came to town with their interpretation of Joan's life.

No other saint of the Catholic Church has of recent years been so widely acclaimed—by Catholics and Protestants, together—as Joan, and perhaps this is one of the reasons Edward Wagenknecht has added another anthology to the number he has already published. Perhaps he, like the authors he includes in his book, has felt the necessity to keep the multitudes conscious of the heroic saint.

At any rate, he has collected the works of 52 of Joan's most illustrious biographers and glorifiers—Andrew Lang, Mark Twain, Friedrich Schiller, Maxwell Anderson, Walter Savage Landor to name a few—and edited their works into an interesting, consecutive life-story.

The book is divided into six sections, beginning with

Joan's early life in Domremy. Sections on her Voices and her military career follow. Part four, with many short tributes and three long essays, shows how many writers have been inspired by Joan's life. Part five, highlighted by Edward Garnett's excellent play, *The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc*, which is printed in full, covers the period of her imprisonment until her death. The last section includes various poems and essays about Joan since her canonization in 1920.

I have two complaints about this anthology: (1) The military section is too long and tends to be boring. (2) Omitted but not ignored—G. B. S.'s *Saint Joan*. Mr. W takes a few pot shots at Shaw in his introduction, and includes an essay by Blankenagle comparing Schiller's *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* with Shaw's work. But why not let Shaw speak for himself? M. E. JONES

*A bedside Book of English Saints. Aloysius Roche. Macmillan. \$2.00.*

THIS is a most instructive little book, and the quality of Father Roche's explanations is perhaps its most valuable part. He explains how the English civil service began with centuries of churchmen, whose record was exceptionally fine. "With few exceptions, they conducted the business of the nation without detriment to their ecclesiastical dignity or decency, while several of them reached a high degree of sanctity in spite of the fact that they were keepers at once of the King's conscience and of the Great Seal." Father Roche shows, with delightful tact, how even sanctity "needs the penumbra of its own time, place and circumstances to make it full and whole." Thus Saint Benedict Labré is not like the Curé d'Ars, and thus the saints of today must "redeem for the dull, the average way" as Mr. Auden put it. Witness Teresa of Lisieux in her bourgeois home. Mother Cabrini begging among the New York skyscrapers.

Anyone wanting to learn about the real heart of English history, about the invisible sun, that lit and warmed it internally, can read nothing better, in its wholly unpretentious way, than this exquisite little book, which is for all ages. A. F.

*Aesthetics and History in the Visual Arts. Bernard Berenson. Pantheon. \$4.00.*

*Painting & Sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Museum of Modern Art. \$4.50.*

THE art expert might be compared to a jeweler. Though he may seldom employ a magnifying-glass, he must not be deceived by mere high polish and fine settings, but should know how to identify the real metal despite all disguises. The critic, however, is far less enchanted by these questions of sterling worth and pedigreed ancestry. His function is to situate the work in some larger human setting and to see how much it taps our total range of experience once its attribution has been established. He does not weigh in the scales of the goldsmith but in some superior register. Only thus, at any rate, can one account for a decided disappointment in reading *Aesthetics and History*, a book-length essay in which the prominent American art scholar Bernard Berenson sums up the principles guiding his researches in the last 60 years.

Writing much of this book while the Nazis were infesting Italy, he intrudes a bewildered quaver at some impending twilight to the civilization of the West. But it never occurs to him that his own philosophy of a com-

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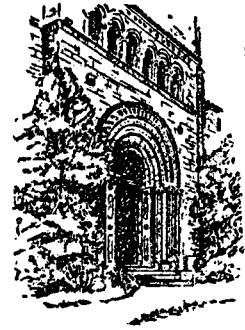
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partmentalized world where artists live chiefly in solar flights and men of affairs only in their "getting and spending," might well have helped to engender a split leading to precisely the juncture he deplors. Even Ruskin, setting down his memoirs in *Unto This Last*, vehemently urged a better world and thus recharge men's energies. More narrowly considered, Mr. Berenson does, it is true, achieve some minor points of worth. He reminds us that Value in art works must stem from command over materials, and from the touch and movement and general illumination the artist can imbue into them. He also provides usable distinctions between Illustration (which others call content) and Decoration (more often termed style), since here he drops that nutshell schematizing so often harmful to academic thinking on aesthetics. For the rest, he discourses knowledgeably on Art History and its province, and again shines with the learning which made his *Italian Painters of the Renaissance* a classic in its particular field. If only the critic more often supervened over the inspector of gems!—but still, even these last traces of washable ore are to be treasured.

As for *Painting and Sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art*, this work capably catalogs that institution's works into 20 categories from the Post-Impressionist down to the latest of our younger experimenters. As one might expect from its compiler, Alfred H. Barr, it is terse and well-ordered, even if sometimes rather fine-spun and a little dry. Yet the book exercises the critical function in that it clearly sorts and often well evaluates. And it proves a fine antidote to Mr. Berenson's many animadversions against modern art—still another factor placing him among the pedigree experts rather than with the men of resilient mind who might properly be termed art critics.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

*The Golden Land. Harriet de Onís. Knopf. \$4.00.*

THIS volume is described as "an Anthology of Latin American Folklore in Literature," selected, edited, and translated by one who has traveled widely in South America and drunk deeply of its history and spirit. "For four hundred years," as the editor states, "Latin America has been producing a literature of great originality and richness, with a character peculiarly its own. It has a common Hispanic background, but each nation speaks with its own unmistakable accent."

The contents are divided into four chronological sections. Part one presents selections from the early discoverers and conquerors; part two, writings from "the sons of the new land" of the colonial era; part three, pages from the molders of thought and those who reflected the mind of the first period of independence and nationalism; and part four, a rich variety of expression, both poetry and prose, including contemporary literature, under the heading "Rediscovering the American Tradition." A final section is devoted to recent and contemporary examples of Brazilian prose.

Forty-four representative writers are introduced in a total of fifty-four selections, all fairly short examples of annals, stories, and ballads, reflecting the spirit of the land and bearing witness to the editor's theory that the Hispanic culture, in America as well as in Europe, "has proceeded from the people upward rather than from a minority of the elite downward to the masses." Human interest and the flavor of the times have been delightfully recaptured in this series of excellent translations. As a result, *The Golden Land* may be recommended as pleasurable reading of the first order to anyone with an appetite for

good anecdotes and an elemental capacity for good writing.

For the student of Latin American history and psychology, this collection is definitely a "must." By arrangement and progression, a novel but significant view is given of the history of the lands south of our border; and through a judicious and well balanced presentation, a keen insight is provided into the minds and reactions of the people who have contributed to the social fabric and national character of the Latin American republics. Critical and biographical sketches of all the writers included in the anthology, as well as explanatory introductions and a general foreword, notably enrich this volume as a guide in appreciating the inherent as well as comparative values of Latin American literature.

In view of the fact that many of the selections in this volume are genuinely historical narratives, such, for example, as those from Bernal Diaz del Castillo and Father Clavijero, in distinction to creative fiction based on a social situation, such as Latorre's *The Old Woman of Peralillo*, one may ask whether the editor of the collection has not over-played her hand or perhaps taken too broad a view in the matter of folklore. But there can be no doubt that she has opened a treasure house of Hispanic-American understanding for all who do not possess the lingual facilities of Spanish or Portuguese.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

*No Place to Hide. David Bradley. Little. \$2.00.*

THIS day by day report of the Bikini tests, by a doctor on the scene, gives a terrifying inkling of what would happen in affected population centers the next time atomic bombs are dropped. Not the least of these terrors is the persistence of radioactivity, some most noxious forms of which cannot be detected directly.

E. S. S.

*The University of Chicago Spanish Dictionary. Compiled by Carlos Castillo and Otto F. Bond, assisted by Barbara Garcia. Chicago. \$6.00.*

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#### CONTRIBUTORS

Richard L.G. DEVERALL has recently returned from Japan where he held the position of Chief of Labor Education under General MacArthur for three years.

Alastair W. R. MILLER is a poet who is teaching this year in Santa Barbara, California.

Harry SYLVESTER is a novelist and short story writer, whose most recent book is "All Your Idols."

Elisabeth JOHNSON is a New York critic.

John CURNOS is a critic and editor and compiler of the O'Brien short story collection and the O'Henry selections.

Theodore MAYNARD is a poet and biographer, whose most recent book is about Saint Francis of Assisi.

Virginia BENNETT works for the publishing house of Devin-Adair.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is pastor of St. Joseph Church, in Sunny-side, Wash., and writer in the fields of liturgy and mysticism.

M. E. JONES is a critic who does publicity work in New York City.

Jerome MELLQUIST is an art critic and author, whose most recent work is a compilation of tribute and comment on the work of Paul Rosenfeld.

Rev. James A. MAGNER is Treasurer of the Catholic University of America and a student of Latin American civilization.

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